

MARCH 27, 1925

# *The* AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*



RUDDY  
BIAN

# Buddy In The Barrel Writes A Bang-up Ad For Pelmanism



"If you don't use your head where you fellows are goin' you're S. O. L.—what do I mean? There's a lot of those G. I. cans flying around up there in the Toul sector—least there was when our outfit went in and I'm not kiddin' you, Buddy, you got to know how to use your bean if you want to keep it from bein' bumped off. A shavetail up there's no better'n one of us guys when those Heinies start turning on the gas. A guy that knows how to use his bean and meet a crisis without going up in the air like a hand grenade will always come out sittin' pretty. It makes no difference what a man wears on his hat—it's what he wears *under* it, I'm telling you."

*By Buddy Himself*

**T**HE above was the advice given to me when I sloshed around in the trenches, waiting to go over the top. The war with Germany has been over for more than 5 years but the War with Success is still going strong with most of us fellows. Whether or not you saw action in wartime you are seeing it now in time of peace. It's a different kind of action, Buddy, but just the same, if you don't know how to use your mental equipment in the job you're in—Fluic—you're S. O. L. Nobody put your gas mask on you when those sirens blew—you had to put it on yourself and put it on "toot sweet!" Nobody put a life preserver on you when the "subs" were sneaking up on us! *Nobody is going to help you today.* You have to get your equipment on *yourself* and get it on quickly, too.

Get this, fellows, it's the answer to that question we all are asking "what could I have done with those good years that were lost in this man's army?" **BECOME A PELMANIST.**

## *What Is Pelmanism?*

Pelmanism isn't a theory but a practice. For twenty years it has been teaching people how to develop and strengthen their known powers and how to discover and train their latent mental abilities. It has made a record of 650,000 successes in England and in America. Lords and ladies, cooks and clerks, generals, admirals, doctors, lawyers, business men, Tommies, Doughboys, men and women in every walk of life have taken up Pelmanism in this great world sweep of a great new power.

Pelmanism can and does strengthen ambition, self-reliance, will power, concentration, judgment and memory. It develops these faculties as surely as a physical trainer develops muscle. It substitutes head work for guess work. It puts an electric motor to work where a

hand worked before. It makes big ideas grow where only "nubbins" grew before. It gives you the power to put things over instead of letting ideas rot for lack of use. It is the art of "getting there" quickly, surely, finely. It enables you to discover yourself, it has increased earnings 20 per cent to 200 per cent. It makes you well balanced mentally instead of lopsided. It gives you a definite aim in life instead of a dissipated purpose. It gives you a complete personality—it makes you what you ought to be.

## *What Has It Done?*

This may sound like a lot of old army "bull" but I know it's true. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen with my own eyes the results of this study. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't read the most remarkable letters I have ever laid my eyes on from people like Sir H. Rider Haggard, the great novelist, Wm. Robertson Nicholl, Late Editor of the "British Weekly," General Sir Robert Baden Powell, head of the Boy Scouts, T. P. O'Connor and hundreds of thousands of others who wouldn't boost a thing unless they were absolutely convinced of its merit; men to whom you couldn't pay a million dollars for a testimonial.

I have seen how Pelmanism banishes Forgetfulness, Brain Fag, Inertia, Weakness of Will, Timidity, Indecision, Mind Wandering, Procrastination. I have seen how it builds Concentration, Observation, Self-confidence, Judgment, Initiative, Will Power, Memory, Resourcefulness, Forcefulness and other things. I have seen how it has made first-class organizers, how it has given men directive power, how it has given them the power to originate ideas, come to logical conclusions, remain calm and unflurried when faced with a crisis; how it has enabled them to decide quickly and correctly, to remember what they have read.

I have seen letters from fellows who jumped from salaries of \$975 a year to \$1,000 a year; fellows who doubled their salaries; fellows who increased their salaries 300 per cent; a buddy who was earning only \$20 a week and is now earning \$10,000 a year.

## *Results You Can Read*

These results are not beyond you. For Pelmanism reveals to you your unsuspected ability; it discovers your hidden powers, makes you realize that you are better than the average run; it makes you a leader instead of a follower.

How in the world can any "buddy" justify himself in not at least sending in the coupon for the wonderful book on Pelmanism entitled "Scientific Mind Training." It's a book that doesn't cost you a cent; it shows what Pelmanism is, what it has done for others, and what you can expect from it. Your copy is ready for you. Send the coupon for it now. If you don't take some step like this to improve yourself then you ought to quit kicking about your "luck," for the effort is small—and you have nothing to lose and everything in the world to gain. Just take *my* advice *now* and write to

### **Pelman Institute of America.**

Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York.  
Dept. 103 2575 Broadway New York City

**Pelman Institute of America,  
Dept. 103, 2575 Broadway, New York**

I have read "Buddy's" ad and I'd like to have a copy of "Scientific Mind Training." Please send me a copy free and without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



FROM Frank G. Graser, of Wallingford, Connecticut, comes the following letter—a case of a sound argument based on a faulty premise, but as probably several hundred thousand veterans are victims of the same faulty premise, Mr. Graser's statement is worth broadcasting: "Shortly after the Adjusted Compensation Act was passed, I read, either in the Weekly or in some newspaper, that the bonus would be figured at the rate of a dollar a day for home service, with \$500 as limit, and \$1.25 for foreign service, with \$625 as limit. From the base, \$60 would be deducted to cancel the \$60 bonus we received at the time of our discharge. Then twenty-five percent would be added outright to the base, and the base then multiplied by a variable factor which, in most cases, would be about 2.5. The published schedule showed that the maximum bonus ultimately given to a home service man would be about \$1590 and to a foreign service man about \$1900. I find that, in the case of most Wallingford veterans, the bonuses fall several hundred dollars short of the estimates based on the schedule." Mr. Graser then cites his own case as an example. He served 573 days on American soil, and hence concludes, rightly, that he should be entitled to the maximum adjusted service credit (or base) of \$500, even after deducting the \$60 discharge bonus. Yet his endowment policy calls for only \$1263 instead of the nearly \$1600 which he believes he is entitled to under the schedule as he read it in last May's newspapers. What is the reason for the discrepancy?

\* \* \*

HERE it is: In computing the face value of your Adjusted Compensation Certificate, it was necessary first to compute the adjusted service credit on the basis of time in service, as Mr. Graser has done. This total was then multiplied by the factor (varying from 2.545 in the case of twenty-year-old veterans, if any, to 1.889 for veterans of sixty-five). The result was the face value of the policy. Mr. Graser, dividing \$1263 by \$500, got a factor of 2.526. Presumably he is twenty-nine years old, as the factor for that age, according to the government table, is 2.527. But right here is the rub. Permit us to quote from the June 6, 1924, issue of the Weekly, which was devoted wholly to an explanation of the Adjusted Compensation Act. Under the table of factors the Weekly said: "The foregoing factors include the twenty-five percent which the law says may be added to the adjusted service credit of veterans who benefited by the in-

surance provision. Widely published press reports emanating from Washington have misstated this point by saying the twenty-five percent increase should be added to the credit and the augmented sum multiplied by the factor. This unfortunate occurrence doubtless has led some veterans to believe they will receive a larger policy than actually will be the case." Mr. Graser has added twenty-five percent to \$1263 and got, as he says, nearly \$1600. The Weekly is receiving many letters from veterans who have fallen into the same error in computing their policies—an error for which they were in no way responsible if they accepted the "widely published press reports" referred to, but one which the Weekly, which did not make the error, immediately corrected.

\* \* \*

MENTION of Mr. Graser's home town recalls the fact that one of the great American heroes of the war gave Wallingford, Connecticut, as his home, although he had never set foot in it—or in the United States—before his twenty-first birthday and had left America forever before his twenty-third. He had not seen his father since he (the son) was sixteen years old, and came to America and Wallingford expressly to visit him. But the father had sailed for Europe to visit his family on the very day the son arrived in New York. The son remained in America nearly two years without seeing his father—in fact, he was never to see him again. The son was killed in aerial combat near Toul on May 19, 1918. His name was Raoul Lufbery.

\* \* \*

NORFOLK (Nebraska) Post has some 160 members, according to Frank Warner, former National Executive Committee member. And Norfolk Post's Auxiliary Unit has 221 members. Mr. Warner doubts if this situation "is equaled anywhere else". How about it? Remember that the most members the Legion can ever hope to get is something under 4,500,000, and that total is gradually shrinking. The Auxiliary, however, has a potential membership of 20,000,000 or so, and as long as single veterans marry and married veterans' families continue to enlarge by the addition of baby girls, that potential membership moves up.

\* \* \*

COMING next week: "Present-Day Chaumont", in Joseph Mills Hanson's series, "On the Trail of the A. E. F." Chaumont, you'll recall, was the A. E. F.'s Washington, D. C.

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# *The Try-Out State Sets the Pace for the Nation*

By A. V. LEVERING



Two broken wrists made up Henry T. Scholl's collection of war souvenirs. But the right one was well enough to hand a dollar over to State Service Officer Sory of the Kentucky Legion as Scholl's share in the Endowment Drive. "The Legion gave me my chance," declared Scholl. "I want to help some other fellow get the same kind of a chance." The dollar represented Scholl's balance on hand after he had received his first government disability compensation check and had paid his debts. Mrs. Scholl is in the center

**H**E walked into the Legion's department headquarters in Louisville and asked for State Service Officer Sory. And he handed over a dollar bill.

"What's this for?" inquired Sory, recognizing the giver as Henry Thomas Scholl, whose case he had recently pushed through to the successful conclusion of a decision awarding him placement training for vocational rehabilitation and some back compensation.

"What's it for?" echoed Scholl in some astonishment. "Isn't the Legion starting in to raise an Endowment Fund today?"

"Why, yes," admitted Sory. "This is the first day of the campaign."

"I got my first pay yesterday," explained Scholl. "I paid up some money I'd borrowed, and I've kept out enough for my wife and myself to live on until next payday. There's a dollar left over, and that's what I'm giving you for the Endowment. The Legion gave me my chance; I wouldn't be working for the gas company on placement training if it hadn't been for the Legion. My wife and I would still be starving out in that shack on the island, where we were



Mrs. Clem D. Johnston of Jefferson Post Auxiliary Unit of Louisville accepts with thanks the offering of a Western Union messenger boy. The youngster gave a quarter—but this human-interest picture, used as publicity in Kentucky's effort for the Endowment Fund, was instrumental in raising lots of dollars

when you got my claim settled. You gave me my chance, and I want to help some other fellow get the same kind of a chance."

It would be hard to sum up more graphically than did that incident what The American Legion \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund means. Scholl, disabled through two accidents on high-tension lines when he was in the Army, was unable to go back to his work as a lineman when he was discharged. Besides the broken wrists which he suffered in service, his general health has been none too good. The family's misery was abject, until the Legion took hold of Scholl's claim. The claim was unquestionable, yet somewhere in the mazes of official channels it had been delayed. That is almost inevitable; where millions of cases are handled, some few will be mishandled. Scholl's came in the latter class.

So Scholl knew, from his own experience, just what the Endowment Fund could mean to other men. He had the picture as no one can have who is not personally experienced in veterans' relief. And he gave his only spare dollar, without solicitation, that the good work might go on.

His was one of the early contributions to the Louisville share of the Kentucky quota. His dollar, along with 49,999 other dollars, constituted the collection which completed Kentucky's quota by midnight of March 7th—the first State to go over the top for the orphans and the disabled from the ranks of the nation's fighters.

Kentucky was selected as the try-out State for the national campaign. Here was the first actual state campaign to swing into action. The eyes of the Legion were on Kentucky.

And Kentucky came through.

The first step in organizing a state for the Endowment Fund—the first

step, that is, after National Headquarters has done the preliminary work—is to choose the right man for state chairman. The importance of this cannot be overemphasized.

The state chairman is the focal point of the public eye. In the first place, he must be a man outstanding for integrity and ability. His second characteristic must be an ability to work well, and a desire to make a success of

organizing, the Kentucky campaign did not have an honorary and a working chairman. Judge Bingham combined these two jobs, and he made a remarkably fine record in handling them.

The work which The American Legion has been doing among the disabled men, and among the children of men who gave their lives for their country, is not well known even in the ranks of the Legion. Take, for example, another case which came up in Kentucky a few months ago.

A former soldier was in the last stages of tuberculosis. He had never been able to prove the service origin of his disability, and consequently he had been deprived of all governmental assistance. Finally, when he could no longer work and his little family had come to absolute want, his wife went to the Legion. And the Legion experts, skilled in the handling of just such cases, quickly got him recognition by the Veterans Bureau as a war-time casualty.

It was none too soon. Ten days afterward he died, in the hospital. "Too late," do you say, "for any good to come of it?"

If this is your judgment, you are wrong. It was too late for the dying soldier, to be sure. But it was just in time for his wife and his three little children—one



The father of these two tots has had three attacks of spinal meningitis since the war. The family occupies a concrete-floored barn up a Louisville alley. The veteran's claim for compensation has not yet been allowed. Does the Endowment Fund mean anything to this mother and her children?

anything to which he may put his hand.

Kentucky was fortunate in inducing Judge Robert W. Bingham of Louisville to accept the state chairmanship. Unlike some of the States which are now

of them a small baby. They would have been in desperate straits.

But the compensation which had formerly been denied him came to her, now, in a lump to pay the debts incurred during his last months. The regular monthly payments to the widow of a soldier who gave his life for his country began coming in, plus the allowances for dependent children. It is, to be sure, a pitifully small amount. But it keeps body and soul together, and allows the mother to provide adequate care for the youngsters while she goes out to increase the in-

come by her own work. If it had not been for Legion funds which made possible the effort of getting this man's case recognized, his family today would be literally facing starvation—or, almost worse for people of pride, they would have been in institutions for the destitute. Probably the children would have been taken into a home, so that the mother could support herself. It would have been a family broken up—broken up because the father gave his life in the service of his country.

Judge Bingham is not a Legionnaire. But he recognized the service which the Legion has been able to give to orphans of veterans, and to disabled men, even with a budget badly cramping because it was inadequate to the job. He is editor and publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and of the Louisville *Times*, an outstanding philanthropist, and one of the leading citizens of his State. When he accepted the leadership of the Endowment Fund campaign for Kentucky, state Legion leaders knew that the work would be well done—and promptly.

The state chairman's standing vouched for the campaign, its purposes, and its success. Thus men of the highest standing in their own cities welcomed the invitation to co-operate on the State Campaign Committee, and the campaign got away to the best kind of a start, with the leading citizens of the State not only won over to the Endowment Fund, but also committed to winning others over.

No sooner had the actual organization got under way than the first town in the State subscribed its quota. This town is Stearns, a hamlet of 150 people, with a quota of \$100. The Stearns quota was subscribed early in January.

The next two places to qualify in Kentucky were Cynthiana, with a \$1,200 quota, and Sturgis, with \$400. Cynthiana announced, as soon as it was told its quota, that the amount was guaranteed by the local committee. And on the first day of the official drive, Cynthiana wired state headquarters that the amount had been raised.

Fourth in line came Augusta, with a quota of \$400. The second day of the campaign week Augusta wired in, "Over the top and still going." Yet state headquarters of the campaign had not even known that Augusta was prepared to collect its quota of the fund. The State, because it was selected as the try-out State, had to swing into action with an organization not nearly so complete as it would have had if the campaign had been deferred a couple of weeks longer. In the rush, the smaller towns were of necessity given

less than their proportion of attention. For in general it can be expected that the large towns, with their wealthy business people, can be expected to run up larger totals by reason of the somewhat greater proportion of large subscriptions.

Augusta fooled state headquarters. Practically unaided, and without any formal organization in close contact with state leaders, it swung into the job and raised the money in a hurry. And Augusta is not a large town.

The secret of Augusta's quick success—and the subsequent success of a number of other like towns—was not in organization but in understanding.

Just the other day there came into the Kentucky state service office a well-bred, intelligent young woman accompanied by two beautiful light-haired children. They were all of them clean and neat—and desperately shabby. When the woman tried to tell the story of what they are going through she almost broke down.

"We are living in a barn, up an alley, right here in Louisville," she told the service officer. "We are living on a cold concrete floor—and have been all winter. My husband has had spinal meningitis three times since the war; he had his first attack while he was in the Army. He has tried to get compensation, but he can't do it. They say it isn't of service origin—yet it shows right on his discharge papers."

"I have been working as much as I could. But I have had to stay home to take care of these children, and of my husband. He is in such bad shape that he has to be taken care of almost constantly. When I go out I worry about him all the time, and I don't know if the children are getting along. We get practically no money, only what little I manage to earn. Tell me, what can we do?"

The Legion undertook to fight that claim through, of course; and it will unquestionably get action long before it could be got otherwise. But meanwhile, what can be done for those children, and the disabled soldier, and the wife who must stay at home to care for them? It takes money to buy them food, and pay even the tiny rent for their miserable living quarters.

What happened, of course, was that the service officer, and the department adjutant, and the girls who work in the office, dug into their own pockets to do what they could for their relief. But they could not do enough to relieve

the situation; they could only relieve the most acute needs. Meanwhile the family suffers, waiting for a government check.

When the Endowment has been collected, there will be funds to take care of situations like this. There will be money to pay for the keep of the family for a few weeks; or there will be money to put the husband into a hospital and the children in the temporary care of a Legion billet, giving the wife and mother a chance to support herself and lay up a few dollars for rehabilitating the family when they are once more united.

It is when a town grasps the bigness of the thing—when the leaders of the post and of the community sense the underlying humanity of the whole plan, and the fact that so long as vet-

(Continued on page 20)

## Six Points from the First State to Raise Its Quota

1. In the very beginning, get one or two local Legionnaires of recognized ability in every community who can give practically full time to helping organize the campaign.
2. Men of unquestioned standing and ability are the only kind to have on citizens' committees. Then the public recognizes that the Fund must deserve support, and the work gets done promptly.
3. Personal contact is the one best way to organize. Letters, telephone calls and telegrams are not nearly so effective.
4. You can't reach the public's heart without good publicity. If possible, borrow a full-time man from an outstanding newspaper.
5. Emphasize the good that the Endowment Fund will do rather than stressing it as a Legion activity. This is important both in the tone of the publicity and in the mental attitude of the actual workers.
6. Check up on the workers day by day—and on committees and on chairmen just as closely as on workers. The sure way to fail in any objective is to assign the job to some one and then assume that it will be done.

In a big town, organization is unquestionably necessary; in a small town, where everybody knows everybody else, the main thing is that the workers must really have grasped the feeling of the Endowment Fund, and what it is all about.

For this Endowment is not a cold thing of bricks and mortar, nor anything so abstract, even, as the need for education. It is a gripping enterprise concerned with human flesh and blood and souls—the flesh and blood and souls of men who fought in the war and of their orphaned children.

The Endowment is destined to insure for all time the work which the Legion has done for the relief of these cases—and to enable the Legion to go out and relieve further suffering which today cannot be relieved because there are no funds for the work.



# Opportunity Socks Once

## *A Buck O'Dee Story*

By EUGENE  
E. MORGAN

*Illustrated by*  
Percy L. Crosby

I reckon I just stood for an hour or  
more watchin' heart-breakers float past  
a given point

**D**AY after day on the Big Sloppy—which was always rougher than a guardhouse blanket the mornin' after—I had been cravin' for a peek at the dear Old Gal. No, not my gal, but every buddy's sweetheart, the Statute o' Liberty.

The time I'm speakin' of was when the famous Curly Wolf Division was on Mr. Atlantic's ocean, home bound from la belle France. We had loitered over there among the estimats and estimable mam'selles for six months after the shootin' was all over. Now we was buckin' the billows aboard the U. S. S. *Molly Pitcher*—which was the Navy's champeen pitcher without a handle—Hoboken bound!

The last two days on Salt Boulevard was in some respects the worst. I had just been released from arrest in quarters and had lost all my dough backin' a big pork and bean berserker, one Mike Burleigh by name, in a low comedy scrap with a big marine which knocked him, Mike, for a sky-writer's loop. Naturally I was feelin' lower than a turtle's lap. If the cook had strained his coffee like I strained my eyes for a squint o' the Old Gal, we wouldn't of waded in chicory and mud up to our tonsils.

Private Bennie Berry was a close buddy of mine in B Company. I guess

we hitched like liver and bacon because we was so different. While I aired my Adam's apple cranin' to see Miss Liberty, Bennie yearned to see the outline o' New York's great skyscrapers. To me they had always looked at a distance like a busted comb in a R. R. depot washroom. But for Bennie, who hailed from Ottaway, Ill., they spelled Opportunity with a circus hoop "O," and then some.

"Will I ever live to see it?" he sighs on the last evenin' at sea, as we stretch over the rail and scan the watery horizon for signs o' trees, contented cows and other landmarks o' Terry's firma.

"See what, Benny?" says I, knowin' well what he's drivin' at. "You mean the delousin' emporium at Camp Merritt, N. J.?"

"No! I mean the skyline o' the world's greatest metropolis, New York. Where Opportunity lies for you and me!"

"No, thanks, I've heard enough lies bearin' the New York label. My first visit there everybody pegged me for a yap, from the guy who sold me a squirrel huntin' license in Central Park to the newsboy who told me the Flatiron Buildin' was dedicated to the pants pressin' fraternity."

"Ah, Opportunity!" cries Bennie, extendin' his arms to the now dim and soggy horizon, "thou awaitest in yon

great city for him who seizes thee at the sickological moment. O I say, Buck."

"Spill it, thou."

"If anybody thinks I'm a-goin' back to Ottaway, Ill., after I get kicked out o' this man's army, they got another guess on tapis. No soda jerkin' berth on Main street for this hambrey. Me for New York, and when Opportunity says 'Tag', I'm IT!"

And we went back to dreamin', Bennie of his manicured skyline and Opportunity, me of the Old Gal, demobilization and a million dollars' worth o' Yankee ham and eggs.

Never will I forget the wonderful mornin' which followed. The good old *Molly Pitcher* had caught up with and grazed the horizon. On the other side was lighthouses, the three-mile limit and other modern improvements o' the U. S. A. We were at the doormat o' HOME!

And O joy! There was the Old Gal herself.

She was wearin' a thick-mesh veil o' fog as we sailed up the harbor, and we couldn't tell whether she's lost flesh worryin' over our activities with the mam'selles.

But we *could* tell that her and the rest of America was glad to see us by the way the tugboats whistled in foggy accents, and then a cheer ripped up

from that vessel from stem to stern, a cheer such as never has been heard aboard ship since the original *Mayflower* immigrants hailed the future New England home o' John L. Sullivan.

A band on a tug played "Smiles," "How Dry I Am," and other airs of an inspirin' nature, and we obliged by givin' the home folks a song. A excited "Y" secretary mounted the captain's bridge of our ship and yelled through a megaphone:

"Now, boys, altogether; let's sing 'Poor Butterfly.' Turn to page twenty-seven."

But somehow his signals got twisted, and what we twittered was:

*"The dam old war is over now, parley voo,*

*The dam old war is over now, parley voo,*

*The dam old war is over now,  
Good-by slum and greasy chow,  
Hinkey dinkey, par-ley voo-oo-oo!"*

*"O mad'moiselles who loved the Yanks,  
parley voo,*

*O mad'moiselles who loved the Yanks,  
parley voo,*

*O mad'moiselles who loved the Yanks,  
We had a good time, t' ell with the  
frances,  
Hinkey dinkey, par-ley voo-oo-oo!"*

And now I felt a tightenin' up o' my heartstrings and a funny feelin' in my throat, while hot tears chased down my cheeks, of which I wasn't ashamed. On every small craft with which we was surrounded the Stars and Stripes was gleamin' as much as the fog would permit. Why, I could of gone ashore and hugged the first person I met, even if he was a policeman. That's how cuckoo I was!

But Bennie Berry was disappointed because the skyline o' New York didn't show up clear like the peaks on a measles temperature chart. The fog had wiped out that skyline as clean as a German battle fleet would of done if they could have, and while Bennie was wonderin' if this was a bum symbol o' bad luck for his Opportunities, along comes the top kicker to ask him why he didn't have his pack rolled and if he knew he was still in this man's army, and a lot of other things which tops will still be askin' when Gabriel sounds "reveille."

We disunbarked at Hoboken, amid the barks o' the officers who had been told to douse their Sam Browne belts, and was seein' other signs o' the hand-writin' on the wall. The hike thro' Hoboken was one march o' triumph. The crowds was terrific. As much as two or three people stopped to look at us to a block. Once a dog desisted scratchin' long enough to sniff at our heels. Altogether we made nearly as big a crash in Hoboken as a set of night-bloomin' whiskers at a corn huskin' bee.

But then, it was explained, Hoboken was fed up with the clump-thump o' heroes, which had been pourin' thro' for months since the Armistice, and the natives had become kind o' hardened to the velvety pit-pat o' hobnails, and the voices o' conquerors askin' of each other who won the war—as if we'd never heard o' the dollar a cheer man and the daredevil who changed the name o' Greek rest'rant spuds from German to

Yankee fried. Or of the bunch that succeeded in kiddin' themselves it was Liberty Cabbage.

Well, at last we got to Camp Merritt, where we milled around for hours while they changed our barracks five or six times to insure our discomfort. But in the meantime I crashed into my first American meal after over a year's fond and regretful absence. The memory o' that square will always linger about the corners o' my mouth. Say, I done more damage to the national ham and egg crop than a typhoon or a holler cussed. I hammed and egged to my heart's content and my gizzard's approbation. My stomach was waitin' for another wagon load to back up, when the barracks mess sergeant comes around and says, if it's all the same to me, won't I remove the feed bag until the hens has

a chance to start layin' again? He says it in a real nice way, too.

"Sarge," I says polite, "you tell them dollar-a-year hens that Private Buck O'Dee is home and they can begin doin' Oofs-Right from now on. I ain't cracked a hen fruit since I started carryin' General Pershin's tools in France. But I ain't hungry—just revenous. How about them seconds, Sarge?"

For answer the bum give me a dish-water shampoo and sent me flyin' out o' that slumgalow. But there was other mess shacks, and as they wasn't checkin' up on A. E. F. men, I done my stuff until I was too full for heavy breathin' or utterance. But even then I was able to laugh when Bennie Berry comes back from New York on a special pass, and raves about the Opportunities of a great city.

What did Benny know about Opportunity, anyhow? He goes to New York for his first meal and gets gypped out o' two bucks for a skeletonized lamb's chop, a finger bowl without no fingers in it and some fresh head waiter's insults. But when he mopes back to camp he still dreams o' scoopin' up millions in Wall street. Great imagination has that boy. While he's thinkin' o' millions in terms o' dollars, the best I can do is in terms o' dandruff. But I let him keep speculatin' on the dream market. In the meantime I'm plugin' on the blanket bourse, and say, after startin' with forty-seven cents, I come out a winner to the tune o' sixty clams after five hours steady rollin'. I couldn't of had better luck if my mascot cootie, little Bruno, hadn't got lost in the shuffle o' disunbarkation.

The next day I lugged my wealth around the cantonment, but the word had gone out that I was filthy with Luck and I couldn't find nobody even to take me up on a game o' beanbags. Well, while I was stretched on my bunk readin' the stock market page o' the N. Y. *Daily Smirch* for quotations on the ham and egg market, in rushed Bennie Berry, all het up, hair dislevelled and eyes full o' pop.

"Quick, Buck!" he yells.

"Who's dead?"

"Your brains, Buck, if you don't grab this Opportunity!"

"Which Opportunity?"

"Buck, there's a bimbo here in camp from New York City, a swell dresser and a smart talker, and he's the pers'nal representative o' the Inter-Amalgamated Oil Refineries o' the World. He's got a special offer, he says, for heroes. He'll sell us stock at two bucks per share. Why, it's like givin' it away. It's bound to jump to fifty before the month is up. It's our chance to take a runnin' broad jump an' hit Affluence right on the nose."

"Where is this sun-kissed benefactor o' the O. D. race?"

"Mr. Scrupeless is over in C Company barracks right now, and he's sold about everybody from the top kick down. He'll be leavin' camp in a minute, and we must get our money placed. Buck, this is a Opportunity in a million."

But we missed that million by three minutes. Mr. Scrupeless had been forced to rush back to New York on account o' pressin' engagements, by the time we reached the barracks o' prosperous C. But he left his business

(Continued on page 16)



THE American Legion's child welfare program is conceived in accordance with the most progressive and sound principles on the care of children. Seeking to keep these children in their own or foster homes where they may have the kindly personal touch of their own or foster mother is of immense importance to these future citizens. I trust the Endowment Fund campaign will be successful and that The American Legion will be able to carry through to successful conclusion this fine program of service that has been inaugurated.

JOHN BARTON PAYNE

The above indorsement of The American Legion's \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund is from a letter written to National Commander Drain by the chairman of The American Red Cross. By raising this fund, to yield an estimated income of \$225,000 a year, The American Legion seeks to underwrite for years to come the complete fulfillment of the country's obligation to the disabled and the orphans of service men, and to guarantee a continuance of the Legion's supplemental efforts, without which no governmental provision for the sick or helpless or their dependents can be wholly effective.

# It Pays *to* Be a Legion Twin in the Twin Cities

By JACK  
WELCH



One is Mary and the other is Jane. Their mother, Mrs. C. A. Thomas, who is holding them, never calls Mary Jane or Jane Mary, but others aren't quite so sure. They are the first graduates of the pair of baby cribs which Saint Paul Post of The American Legion owns and loans to any post member who becomes the father of twins. When they were graduated from the Legion cribs several weeks ago, another pair of Legion twins was waiting to get the cribs—the new-born daughters of Legionnaire W. S. Cohan of Minneapolis

**H**ISTORY might have been different if Cain and Abel had only been twins. It would have been vastly different if all the replacements for the human race had been ordered under the original scheme of things in duplicate or triplicate instead of as single individuals. But as things were in the beginning—and they have continued to be much the same since—Little Cain was playing in a sand pile near the Garden of Eden when Little Abel was still exercising in the cradle in the household of Adam. So Cain became the first spoiled child in the history of the world, and ever since the first-born have been getting lessons in discipline from their contacts with those who followed them.

How much better must be the lot of brothers—and sisters, too, of course—whose births are separated by minutes or hours instead of years. The question of who outranks whom is not determined by age, and twins learn early that a co-operative scheme of things helps make life harmonious and tolerable.

But in modern life twins come along as the upsetters of plans, compelling a revision of household preparations all along the line. Father rushes out, as soon as the doctor has broken the news, and buys a new crib to match the one he had bought some months before in

anticipation of the arrival of a single recruit. That's just the beginning of buying everything in duplicate.

Yes, twins do upset plans. They upset, for instance, some plans which Saint Paul Post (Post Eight) of The American Legion made several years ago, and now the original idea behind those plans has worked out differently.

The original idea was Mrs. Ed Slater's. Mrs. Slater is the wife of the post adjutant, and she helps run the post's Auxiliary unit. Mrs. Slater said to her husband one day:

"Ed, your post is O. K., so far as national conventions, Boy Scouts and a lot of noise are concerned, but I want you to get right down to brass tacks and help enlist some more members for our unit. Don't come back from that meeting tonight until you can report something doing."

So Ed sprung it on the gang.

"I'll give a gold ring to the next girl baby whose dad is a member of this post if she'll take out a life membership in the Auxiliary," Jesse Mark, a jeweler, offered.

"I'll give a bassinet on the same terms," declared Tom Ryan, a furniture dealer.

Next day Commander I. E. Gottlieb's phone rang.

"I've qualified for that ring and bassinet. I've got a girl baby and she's

already signed with the Auxiliary for life—only she's two of 'em", C. A. Thomas, secretary to Mayor Arthur Nelson, jubilated over the wire.

"Come on over and we'll try to straighten this out", Gottlieb invited. He conducted Thomas to the jewelry emporium and to the furniture store, and the Legionnaire owners ruled that the Thomas family was entitled to two rings and two bassinets. That was more than a year ago.

A few nights ago Comrade Thomas reported at the annual election meeting that the bassinets wouldn't hold the young Auxiliarites any longer.

"So I'll turn the twin beds over to the post", he added.

"I move we give 'em to the next twins born to Mr. and Mrs. Post Eight member", somebody offered.

"I move we amend that to read that we retain possession, but loan the beds for a year", proposed Department Adjutant Stafford King, who is a member of the post.

"We'll all be interested in knowing who are the next to qualify", remarked Commander Gottlieb.

"I'm next!" shouted W. S. Cohan. Cohan lives in Minneapolis. It was necessary for Adjutant Slater to make a tour of investigation in the Mill City.

"The Cohan family's qualified", was the reconnaissance report.

The Cohan twins are girls, too, and they're both life members of the Auxiliary, although the constitution and by-laws do not stipulate that they must be eligible to entry in the women's organization.

A year from now the bassinets will be ready for the third set of owners pro tem.

# EDITORIAL

**F**OR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

## The Campaign for The American Legion Endowment

### II. Dixie Speaks for the Nation

**I**F THE American Legion does not work along with government relief agencies for disabled veterans, their dependents, and veterans' orphans, nobody will. The Legion has the organization and the experts.

President Coolidge certifies to this condition not only by endorsing The American Legion Endowment Fund campaign but also by serving as chairman of the campaign's national honorary executive committee. He sees the need of providing the Legion with the financial means for continuing this necessary public service. This is the purpose of creating a trust or endowment fund of \$5,000,000, only the interest of which will be expended.

The campaign for this fund is now actively under way in fifteen States, embracing most of the South and part of the Middle West. The returns from these States which won the honor of being the first to fight for this great humanitarian cause indicate a success for the drive which admits no suggestion of a doubt. America responds. America responds to bind up the wounds of those who responded in 1917 and 1918. America responds to shelter the dependents and orphans of those stanch men. America brings reinforcement to The American Legion, which for five troubled years has carried the burden, and drained its ultimate financial resources doing so.

America brings to this effort big and able men, patriotic men who are not members of the Legion because they are not ex-service men. Some of them questioned the public worth of the Legion until their vision was enlightened by this campaign—until they saw and learned for the first time that the Legion, without ostentation, had been waging a fight for five years which by rights is all America's fight.

Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky were the first States to shove off. The Illinois campaign was started at a great meeting in Chicago over which Legionnaire Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President of the United States, presided. Dawes placed in nomination for the state chairmanship of the campaign organization Charles W. Folds, a Chicago banker, whose conspicuous success as the leader of the Liberty Loan drives in Illinois during the war caught the eye of the country. On the right bank of the Wabash is Indiana. Marcus Sonntag, a banker of Evansville, came forward and took the work in charge. Over the Ohio in Kentucky, Judge Robert W. Bingham, the distinguished editor and publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the Louisville *Times*, accepted the responsibility with the statement that he could not recall when he had undertaken any public service with more pleasure and enthusiasm.

Folds, Sonntag, Bingham—three conspicuous citizens, three leaders of men, hitherto aloof from the Legion, are with the Legion now. And this endowment campaign has done it. The list of eminent names might be extended right down the line through the solid South, where the drive is at its peak at this moment. It might be swung up across the Hudson into New England, and then flung over the Rockies to the Pacific slope. The Legion has grown in the estimation of all America. The governor of Kentucky inaugurated the campaign in his State with a proclamation saying:

The tragedy of the world's greatest war stalks abroad in our land today, as illustrated and exemplified by the lives of the disabled ex-service men, not only in Kentucky, but throughout America, and by those who lingered on in a living death until the suffering caused by disease and wounds finally laid a merciful hand upon them. Other striking examples of this great tragedy are afforded by the widows and orphans of those brave heroes who met death on the battlefields.

Thousands of ex-service men today lie helpless, with the spectre of death waiting by the sick bed, while within the shadow stands a faithful and devoted wife or a homeless infant, appealing mutely for the opportunities of life that have been denied them because of the husband's and father's willing services to his country.

The ex-service men of America, organized under The American Legion, are undertaking to reach that objective by carrying to the most remote sections of our country an appeal for the assistance that is so justly due these patriots, their dependents and the widows and orphans of those who fell on the field of battle.

We are anxious that Kentucky do her part. To this end we desire to enlist the assistance and generous co-operation of every citizen of our State in this beneficent movement.

Kentucky raised her quota in the first week of the campaign. She was the first State over the top, as described in detail in this issue.

Thus Dixie speaks—and acts—for the nation.

### Mr. Ruud Looks Ahead

**I**F OLAF W. Ruud of Mystic Lake, Montana, should die before 1945, The American Legion Endowment Fund will be increased by \$1,500. For Mr. Ruud, who was once a corporal of Company A of the Fourth Engineers, is one of a large number of service men who have testified to their faith in The American Legion by naming The American Legion Endowment Fund as beneficiary on their Federal Adjusted Compensation Certificates.

Olaf Ruud has every hope that he will be alive in 1945—twenty years from now—when his Adjusted Compensation Certificate will be payable to him in cash by Uncle Sam. He expects that he will be able to make mighty good use of the \$1,500 he will get—for a dollar is more important to most men when they are nearing their fiftieth year than when they are thirty.

And Olaf Ruud knows that should he die before he reaches fifty, the money he could have used so well himself will be used in the best possible way by the Legion. It will be on duty 365 days of each year providing care and comfort for the disabled and the orphans of service men. And there will be more disabled men and more orphans in 1945 than there are today. That fact stands out from the lessons learned after past wars.

Olaf Ruud knows also that if he should himself become sick and helpless within the next twenty years the Legion will see that he receives care and treatment from the Government. Mr. Ruud has no relatives in this country, and Yellowstone Post of Billings, Montana, is in truth the friend to whom he would look should sickness overtake him and death seem near. Thousands of service men look upon the Legion in the same way. The Endowment Fund will enable the Legion to do its full duty—a duty that the whole country must recognize as its own also—to those who, in increasing numbers, will look to the Legion for help.

❖ ❖ ❖

That "Follow the Swallow" song was undoubtedly written for the undertakers.

❖ ❖ ❖

A New York suitor complains that his sweetheart refuses to crack a smile at his jokes for fear it will spread to all parts of her complexion and ruin it.

❖ ❖ ❖

While the colleges are conferring their A. B.'s and A. M.'s this spring it will be well for graduates to keep in mind that the degrees bestowed in the school of experience are generally of two kinds, O. K. and N. G.

# There'll Be Another Chance in Ninety-Nine Years



In the chill beauty of the Litchfield Hills, these students from a Massachusetts girls' school watched the total eclipse of the sun at New Milford, Connecticut. When the best show in Nature's repertoire was over, Ezra Woods Post of the Legion gave them and the rest of eighteen hundred eclipse guests the most welcome set-up of coffee and doughnuts they ever had

**G**ET set for 2024. As the mayor of Lyons, France, once remarked to the Danish consul at Cape Town, South Africa, "It's a long time between eclipses." And when one does come, what is there that the average non-astronomical citizen can do about it except watch it?

New Milford, Connecticut, is a beautiful little village in the heart of the Litchfield Hills, asking neither fame nor notoriety. But a couple of months ago, when the moon crossed the sun's face and blotted out his light for a few seconds, New Milford happened to be in the core of the shadow.

Of course, New Milford might have done just what twenty million other American citizens did that morning—merely looked on. In particular, Ezra Woods Post of The American Legion might have merely looked on. But Ezra Woods Post saw in the occasion an opportunity for service. And Ezra Woods Post acted up to the opportunity.

As everybody knows, tens of thousands of persons living outside the zone of the total eclipse journeyed by train and automobile on January 24th to towns and cities in which they might see the moon put the sun out while the clock as referee counted off one hundred

and twenty seconds. Pittsfield, Massachusetts, was one of the New England cities which had been assigned in advance a gallery seat for the performance—a town which knew it would see only a partial eclipse. But the people of Pittsfield had determined to crash the gate to get better seats and their eyes had turned to New Milford, several miles away across the Connecticut state line.

At dawn on January 24th, therefore, when the thermometer was registering sixteen degrees below zero in Pittsfield, the great eclipse hegira began. Two special trains of eight cars each started from Pittsfield toward New Milford. The first train carried the members of the Pittsfield section of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the students and faculty of Miss Mira H. Hall's school for girls. The cars were placarded with the banners of the scientists and the school folk. The second section was filled with assorted Pittsfieldians of more than ordinary hardihood—men, women and children willing to travel far and early in sub-zero weather to see Nature's best show of the century. Eighteen hundred persons were aboard the two trains.

The Pittsfield pilgrims had not been forewarned that New Milford would

welcome them. They were surprised, therefore, when they found the members of Ezra Woods Post of The American Legion waiting at the New Milford railway station with more than one hundred automobiles, sleighs and motor trucks. The Legion post, as their town's welcoming committee, took full charge of the visitors. It transported them to Prospect Hill, which towers over New Milford and gives an unobstructed view for many miles.

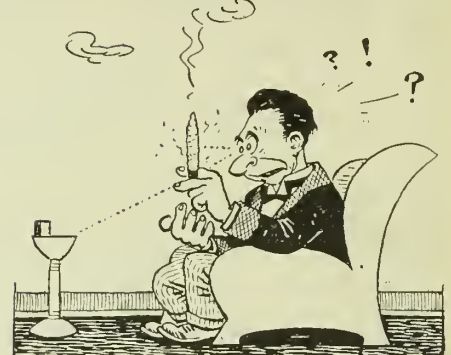
The thermometer ranged from four to eight degrees below zero during the journey to the hill and during the hour and a half the guests were in New Milford. It was a mighty chilly assortment of pilgrims that stood in the two minutes of darkness which came as the moon completely hid the sun, and they were not warmer when the sun finally started coming back. It was a fitting moment for the New Milford Legionnaires to announce that hot coffee and doughnuts would be served to everybody in the New Milford fire station by Ezra Woods Post.

A Pittsfield pilgrim with a handful of doughnuts and a mouthful of coffee got up on the stairs of the fire house and called for three cheers for New Milford and The American Legion.

(Continued on page 21)

# The End of a Perfect Cigar

By Wallgren



# A PERSONAL PAGE

## by Frederick Palmer

Writes John Ivison Post, Arizona: "We think we have you beat, at least tied. Our past commander, R. P. Gilliland, for more than a year rode horseback, twenty-eight miles, through winter rain and snow and over unbroken trails, and never missed a single meeting. Can you beat it? And now his wife, as president of the Auxiliary, is doing the same thing. So far she has not missed a single meeting, and horesback riding is no picnic out here in the winter time."

### *Place for Arizona*

So Arizona now shares honors with Vermont, Arkansas and Minnesota in instances of post loyalty. Vermont may be a little surprised that there is snow in Arizona. That depends upon how high you live in Arizona. John Ivison Post is at Grand Canyon. The other competitors may say that their candidates were not post commanders, and that it is to be expected that post commanders would set an example. However, Mrs. Gilliland makes up any qualification in this respect. John Ivison Post is fully entitled to ask, Can you beat it? Can you?

When I get a real thrill I like to pass it on. This one got a deep hold on my backbone and set me thinking because we are near the one hundred fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, which began the Revolution. I owe it to a letter from Belle Valley, Ohio, which says:

### *His Name Was John Gray*

"John Gray was the last survivor of the Revolutionary War. He died when he was 104 years of age. He is buried in a little graveyard three miles from Belle Valley in a spot that is not surrounded by beautiful marble memorials—scarcely a headstone three feet high there."

Imagine yourself in the place of this veteran—his memories as, one by one, his comrades slipped away until he was the last living link with those brave days! And Legion posts of Ohio, and, great State of Ohio yourself, have you forgotten the grave of John Gray?

The English are wondering about the Prince of Wales, not what kind of a dancer he is but what kind of a king he will make. They know already what kind of a dancer he is. Now that he is past thirty it is possible to get a line on his character which the English must look up to as royal while he remains Prince and then as long as he remains King, perhaps for another fifty years.

Father George and Mother Mary, the King and Queen, who tried to bring him up to keep early hours and look dignified, want him to marry so there will be an heir to the throne. But he refuses to marry. He has more fun remaining single and enjoying his exceptional opportunities to flirt with all the girls. And what he wants evidently is more and more fun as he keeps late hours and looks like a man about town with his hat jauntily set on the side of his head.

Soon he is going to South Africa and South America. By way of training for the hardships of the trip he has been fox trotting until four a. m. On the trip, unless he changes his habits, he will keep up the same kind of training which will enable him to qualify as the dancing king as successor to the amiable and circumspect George V.

Brother Duke of York, who is a sober married man, seems to be about everything that the Prince ought to be and is not as a potential constitutional monarch. As York is the second son he can never be King unless the Prince dies without an heir. York must always be runner-up for elder brother. If it were a matter of an election York would win hands down.

Republican forms of government may be vulgar, as they say in the lobbies of the House of Lords, but we Americans are just as pleased that we lack one of the worries bothering the English. As a friendly nation we join in the wish the Prince will soon reach the bottom of the wild oats bin.

Yale College, which has not room for all applicants qualified to enter, is giving preference to sons and grandsons of graduates even over candidates who pass better examinations. Apply this rule to finality and no one whose ancestor was not a Yale graduate could go to Yale, and each student might wear emblems of rank, Army and Navy fashion, according to the number of his Yale progenitors. A boy who had only one would be at the foot of the procession. Their ancestral limitations would not have permitted some of the most distinguished of Yale's living graduates to enter Yale.

### *Seems a Little Snobbish*

Apply the rule to Annapolis and West Point, and only the sons of officers could become cadets. Dewey and Sims could never have gone to Annapolis, and Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Pershing, Liggett, Bullard, Summerall and Hines could never have gone to West Point. Apply it to the draft in war and only sons of ex-service men would go to war. Apply it to Congress and only sons of members of Congress could go to Congress. Apply it to the Presidency and Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson would never have been in the White House. We should have an hereditary Presidency, a kingship, and Congress would be another hereditary House of Lords. Make it universal in colleges and every college would become a tight family group thinking of itself as an hereditary aristocracy.

The rule is in response to the parental outcry, "I went to Yale. My boy must go there!"—even if he flunks in his examinations and his chief accomplishment is as a lounge lizard or tea hound.

Is this an American rule? Isn't it a bit snobbish? Wouldn't it be a good thing, a broadening thing, if occasionally the son of a Yale man should go to some other college, say to a Middle Western or Western one? This is a spread-out country. We must spread out the training of our youthful minds over it if we want to keep it one country in thought and spirit.

All is quiet along the Pasig. No news from the Philippines is the good news that General Leonard Wood has the situation in hand. We may get out of the Philippines altogether, but we may not be half way in. While we hold the island our duty is clear. It is not surprising, considering the oppression and ignorance which existed when we took the islands over, that the natives have not yet learned the full lesson of self government. They still need helpful teaching. General Wood is an old hand at this.

### *No News Is Good News*

# They Practise What They Preach

ONCE a month a visitor to the United States Veterans' Hospital at Kansas City, Missouri, might find an unusual social affair going on. It is the dance given for the disabled men of the hospital by Sanford Brown, Jr., Post of the Legion, and the Auxiliary unit to the post.

It is unusual in this respect, that the men who escort the ladies to the dance carefully abstain from dancing with any of the ladies. Instead, you will find them sitting around, talking with other men who lean crutches against the wall as long as they remain seated, or who lean back in their wheel chairs to enjoy a cigarette and a visit while the less seriously disabled patients are shaking a foot.

The music is furnished by the post's own orchestra, composed of members of the post—and if you think it is

just a second-rate amateur orchestra, suppose you ask some of the hospital patients who have had the privilege of dancing to its music every month for a year or more.

The Auxiliary members come to dance with the veterans who are able to dance. The post members come as their escorts, and to talk with the men disabled so badly they cannot dance. And everyone has a good time—Auxiliary members, disabled men, and the able-bodied members of Sanford Brown, Jr., Post.



These Sanford Brown, Jr., Post Legionnaires built this produce shack for Legionnaire Joseph D. Felty, who has been paralyzed from the hips down since the night two years ago when a bandit fired a bullet which grazed his spinal cord. Felty had been a postoffice worker. After his tragedy, his parents moved to a little farm three miles out of town to raise fruit and vegetables. A dozen post members helped put up the shack in which Felty now sits in his wheelchair selling the products of his fields and trees

Coffee, doughnuts and cigarettes are served to the disabled men. Everybody concerned with the parties would object strenuously if it were proposed to stop holding them—for they are a source of genuine enjoyment. They were started as a service for the disabled men, and they are continued because they give pleasure.

At this hospital, the same Auxiliary unit and Legion post have equipped and maintain one room. The equipment includes comfortable furniture, a phonograph, records, magazines,

books, and curtains. It is a thoroughly homelike room. To keep it homelike, the unit and post have the curtains laundered regularly, and see to it that the room is cleaned up—decorations and furniture always fresh and bright.

Sanford Brown, Jr., Post is the largest post in the Department of Missouri. It has some 520 members. Yet, unlike most large posts, its membership is highly restrictive. To join Sanford Brown, Jr., Post, a man must be not only eligible to membership in the Legion, but he must also be a member of Ivanhoe Masonic Lodge of Kansas City. The post is thus able to use Ivanhoe clubhouse very much as though the post had a clubhouse of its own.

Because the problems of a post of



This rest-room in the Veterans Bureau hospital at Kansas City is a sanctuary from the pain and monotony of endless hours of endless days. It was furnished by Sanford Brown, Jr., Post. Mrs. George W. Steele, President of the post's Auxiliary Unit, is shown in the center of the photograph.

Every month the post gives a dance in the hospital

this nature are somewhat different from those of the average post, it has handled its problems somewhat differently from the average method. But throughout it has kept in mind that the function of a Legion post, as it affects those outside it, is to serve the community in ways which make it a better place to live in, and in ways which help those who need.

For one thing, active charities workers around Kansas City have come to know that they can depend on this post for work when there is worthwhile work to do. Take, as an example, the annual charities drive. Sanford Brown, Jr., Post regularly supplies a team of sixty or more active workers for this purpose, and canvasses a district for the charities.

Recently the post's Americanization committee held a contest in the public grade schools of the congested downtown district and the North End, a large number of these schools containing many under-privileged boys of foreign antecedents. The contest was for the best essay on the subject of good citizenship.

The medals were presented to the winners at their schools, and a second presentation ceremony was held before a regular meeting of the post. At this later awarding the boys who wrote the essays read the papers to the post membership.

Another activity in which the post is now engaged, through its civic affairs committee, is a movement to abolish "Sign-Board Hill." The people of Kansas City subscribed \$2,500,000, shortly after the war, to erect a Liberty Memorial. Right across from the Liberty Memorial, and just across from the big Union Station, is Sign-Board Hill. This is one of the famous Kansas City knobs, and it has, of recent years, been plastered with sign-boards until it is really an eyesore.

Sanford Brown, Jr., Post decided that such a display across from the Liberty Memorial was not only inartistic but also almost an insult to service-men. It started an agitation to have the hill condemned for a public park, and then leveled off and made into a civic or playground center.

The job has not been done—the wish has not even been made a law. But it is going through the various stages of recommendation by various civic bodies—the stages which are usually necessary to accomplish a job of this sort. At last reports the Club Presidents' Round Table of Kansas City—the leaders of the various civic and commercial organizations—had recommended the plan. An educational campaign to put this idea across is now being carried out.

For the last two years attendance at the post's monthly meetings has averaged 116 members and nine visitors. A contest is now being carried on to bring up the average attendance to 250 members.

As the plan was worked out, one man issued a challenge to any other six men in the post to enter into a competition with him to see which could get out the largest number of members to meetings. Six other members promptly accepted his challenge, and each of the seven contestants organized a team to work with himself.

The terms of the agreement provide that the six captains having the small-

# Jazz

Where did it originate?  
What makes it affect  
you like a stimulant?  
What hidden impulse in  
you does it bring out?



**B**ENEATH the syncopation and ragtime of Jazz we catch the faint echo of tomtoms, of bare feet pat-patting against the ground, of naked bodies swaying in wild exaltation. Jazz comes to us direct from the jungles of Africa. The Jazz rhythms quicken the blood, wake wild and primitive instincts, stir barbaric memories sleeping in our souls for ages. The band plays; we dance. Faster! Wilder! We are again savages dancing in the moonlight. We are primitives throwing our spears. We are free, unrestrained. That's the origination of "Jazz."

## The Whole Amazing Story of Human Life!

Where did you come from? Why do you have certain impulses and instincts? How did you get your name? How old is human marriage? What is religion? Why do we clothe ourselves? What external forces have for ages been moulding you, changing you, creating you into what you are? Discover yourself in "The Customs of Mankind"! This remarkable new 753-page book is unlike any you have ever read or seen. There is not a page that will not tell you something new and startling. The illustrations alone are an education!

"The Customs of Mankind" gives the whole story of human life in one great volume—reveals all that man has said and thought and done during the long ages he has been on earth. It is unquestionably one of the most important books of the year, the only work of its kind ever published—so vast in scope, so unique in treatment, so beautifully illustrated and so highly instructive, that no thinking person will long be without it.



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est number of "attendance points" at the end of the year shall forfeit amounts varying from ten dollars to twenty-five dollars each, and that the money in this pot will be used to give a dinner to the winning team and its one hundred listed men.

Already results are beginning to appear. The average attendance at meetings has come up to about 150, and the officers of the post confidently expect to attain an average of 250.

A meeting of Sanford Brown, Jr., Post starts unofficially at six p. m., when the members gather at the clubhouse. Dinner is at 6:30, and there is a social time after dinner—usually about 7:15 until eight o'clock. The meeting is called at eight, and is over by ten or 10:15, including a speech by some well-known man.

The post's annual smoker is held each year in December. In 1924 the smoker committee offered a Stetson hat to the team captain who had the largest number of men at the smoker. There were 328 paid admissions to the

smoker. L. L. Watts, past post commander, captain of Team 6, won the hat.

Besides the annual smoker in December, the post has the commander's formal ball in March, the picnic in June, and the annual banquet on September 27th, the anniversary of the death of Sanford Brown, Jr., in action near Varennes.

The post also holds one dance a month, entirely for post members and their guests. These dances are held at various hotels and ballrooms. They are self-sustaining, since the attendance is ordinarily between a hundred and a hundred and fifty couples.

Every Thursday at the City Club of Kansas City the members of the post meet informally at luncheon. Usually about fifty men are present.

Besides being the largest post in the State, Sanford Brown, Jr., Post has the largest Auxiliary unit in Missouri. And both the post and the unit, as can be seen from the foregoing statements, are exceedingly live.

## Opportunity Socks Once

(Continued from page 8)

address. The offices o' the Inter-Amalgamated was on the twenty-sixth floor o' the Goliath Building, 44th street, near Fifth avenue, New York. There was a picture o' the buildin' on his business card.

"Buck, there ain't no time to be lost," insists Bennie. "We gotta buy that stock on the ground floor, even if somebody has to climb to the twenty-sixth floor on the fire escape to place our money."

About a dozen of our B Company financiers was just as excited as Bennie. Each of 'em wanted to overtake Mr. Scrupeless and shower him with their month's pay. But when it comes to a show down, I was the only one o' the financial crowd which seemed to rate a pass to New York, accordin' to the top kick's way o' figurin' it. I guess the top wanted I should be black-jacked or kicked into the river if I ever showed my face on Manhattan Island, and he fixed me up a pass with big-hearted enthusiasm.

Well, with more than a tenth of a grand in my jeans, belongin' to the inner circle o' B Company gold seekers, I set forth on the ferry which takes you from the Jersey side to the city of Opportunity, where people get rich overnight, but where the mornin' after deflation tastes somethin' awful. Havin' commuted to N. Y. a number o' times from my home town o' Skaggerack, N. J., before the war, I wasted no time starin' at the tall buildin's, a la Bennie Berry, or growin' two air castles where one peanut stand grew before.

No, I was very unconcerned as I stepped it off in Fifth Avenue. However—ahem! I think I mentioned a song we sang about the mam'sells on our arrival in New York harbor, whilst our song leader gnashed his bridge-work. Well, I forgot that song and the mam'selles as I now lamped the genuine, nature-tinted American article which adorned the sidewalks o' little old New York. Say what you like, the American girl has it all over anything of her sex anywhere else on the globe. Ask a doughboy. Pump a sailor. And you don't have to tell it to a marine.

Well, I never saw anything which made me so proud o' my country as them hypnotizin' swarms o' shop girls, office girls, matinee girls, Fifth Avenue airessees—at least they took the air like airessees—and shy-faced manicure girls which owned New York that sunny afternoon by right o' conquest. I reckon I just stood for an hour or more watchin' heart-breakers float past a given point. Miss Columbia on high heels certainly had the Statute o' Liberty backed off her pedestal. It set me to dreamin', and I dreamed about makin' an American queen my wife and have a little home and kiddies and a lawn mower, and then I woke up as somethin' was dug into my ribs.

"You can't stand there, soldier." It's a cop, and from the way he's smilin' I know he's just dusted out o' khaki himself. But I don't wait to argue with him. I remember my mission—to buy Inter-Amalgamated Oil for my buddies and myself on the ground floor. Only it's the twenty-sixth. So I beat it to the Goliath Building, for I feared it was gettin' late. In a few minutes I stood in the main floor lobby o' the Goliath buildin', jinglin' the jack o' my buddies, and a private cop looks me over as if I was David rarin' to break Goliath's windows with my little sling shot.

"Shoot me to the twenty-sixth floor," I says to the carrot-top elevator boy.

"Shoot you at sunrise, gravel-crusher," he cracks as he slams the car door. The way he sneers, I could see he was just out o' the service himself, maybe the engineers, and he had some private reason for hatin' a doughboy's guttural accents.

"Don't mirth me, Jack," I says as we shot skyward. "Gi'mme the twenty-sixth, and I don't mean maybe!"

"You'll get it, bozo," he promises. "Here's the twenty-fifth floor, asfurz-weego. You gotta climb the rest o' the way. Take the stairway to the right."

I rushes along the corridor and up the stairs, for it's growing late and I'm afraid Mr. Scrupeless may have went home. Usin' all my strength I pushed open a iron door, and stepped on to the

twenty-sixth floor, where reposed the offices o' the Inter-Amalgamated Oil Company.

The place was deserted except for a couple o' pigeons, which was billin' without the aid of a billin' machine. Mr. Scrupeless was out. So was I. The twenty-sixth floor o' the Goliath buildin' was the roof!

\* \* \* \*

Maybe the gang in B company wasn't sore when I had to tell 'em I failed to get their money down on Inter-Amalgamated Oil. I'll say they was red-eyed. With great difficulty I made Bennie Berry understand that a high wind had blew Mr. Scrupeless and his office off the roof into the East River. But Bennie was still optimistic after he learned the truth. He thought Opportunities grew on trees. There's more like him born every minute.

When the rest o' the bunch got wise to the story, and with their money safe in their jeans once more, they rushed over to C Company to tell those financiers how they'd been gypped by Mr. Scrupeless.

But I was for lettin' bygones be themselves. For about that time, a regimental order came through which was due to make a big difference in my life. The order requested a detail out o' our company o' two men, to perform as mounted orderlies in the great farewell parade o' the Curly Wolf Division up Fifth Avenue, New York.

Bennie was the first to put in for the job of equestrian dog robber. Bein' a ex-member of a militia cavalry troop he was as much at home in the stirrups as he was in the inner ring o' Wall street. As soon as he was accepted as mounted orderly, he recommended me! Nice of him, wasn't it? Our applications is approved, and we are ordered to draw spurs, saddles and other automobile accessories, when I am forced to confess:

"Bennie, I never clumb aboard a hoss in all my life!"

"Aw, it's easy," explains Bennie, the dashin' cavalier from Ottaway. "Why, here's the Opportunity any doughboy ought to be proud of. Buck, you can't tell where it will land you."

"So long as it don't land me on my bean," is my hopeful utterance.

Next day, the great parade!

Swingin' up Fifth Avenue to the blare o' bands, the Curly Wolf Division was to be reviewed by the populace o' New York, home folks and dignitaries o' the city, state and nation. After the review—finis! Our famous division, which as every schoolboy knows won the war with the assistance o' Pershing and the A. E. F., was then doomed to curl up and die, immortal only in the records o' heroism unsurpassed. (Applause.) Its men was to be honor-

## LEGION RADIO

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this column. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wave length.

Gilbert C. Grafton Post, Fargo, N. D., will broadcast from WDAY (244 meters) on April 2 at 7:30 p. m. Program will consist of musical numbers and addresses on Endowment Fund campaign by National Vice-Commander William Stern and J. P. Conmy.



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ably discharged, its officers canned, its flags furled, its first sergeants' whistles chained for life, its payroll records embalmed amongst other stale jokes and its can openers beaten into safety razors. Such are fate.

The scene is now a side street, leading on to Fifth Avenue, New York. Our regiment is waiting its turn to fall into the great parade. As for me, I'm liable to fall into the parade sooner than anybody else. I am now a mounted orderly, along o' Bennie Berry, and we are the envy of the whole outfit as we take our places with the glitterin' regimental staff.

In order to be a mounted orderly I had to have a mount, protests to the contrary havin' no standin'. Well, my mount was a regular mountain o' horse-flesh. I don't know his breed, but he was pretty near big enough for a Clydesdale or Pershing. But for all the thrills I got out of it he might as well o' been a sport model jackass.

Then the bugler blew boots and straddle, and Bennie helped me to mount my mount. Otherwise I'd o' needed a painter's scaffold. Well, at last I was lookin' down on the world from the roof of a horse. Barrin' the fact that the stirrups was too short and my breath was shortenin', all seemed well as I looked down on the common herd o' foot soldiers.

Then us staff officers galloped with the colonel as he rode up and down past the regiment to make sure everything was ship-shape. My horse wasn't ship-shaped, but he rocked like the *Molly Pitcher* in a storm. But I nearly kept up with the rest o' the riders, whilst the whole regiment give me the razz. Several times I rose right up in my saddle and flung 'em a look o' scorn. Somehow it was a great relief to rise up in my saddle, whether I flung anything or not.

Well, me and my mount was soon on splendid terms. He even quit turnin' around to bite me after I had patted his neck and promised him a barrel o' sugar if I came out alive. I even gave him a name, seein' as he had probably never owned a name before, bein' only a number on the hayroll of a milk company before the army took him over.

I named him Opportunity.  
"Buck, now you've got the idea," says Bennie, sittin' at ease on his superb ex-laundry-wagon charger. "Namin' him Opportunity is a good omen of success. Stick to it, old man."

"I'll stick, all right, if nobody don't shoot a cannon off in this nag's ear," I responds, already beginnin' to feel like a roughneck rider.

Finally the parade started, and our regiment swung into line. Funny thing about my horse Opportunity. There was a milk-wagon steed which had the swellest route in the city. Why, about every block in Fifth Avenue he happened to remember an old customer lived there, and he'd stop in his tracks. Every time Opportunity halted I wished I had brought my mess kit along to make a noise like a milk can. In the meantime I was gettin' bawled out by the colonel's chief o' staff for delayin' the procession, and the drum major was always threatenin' to walk right over me whenever Oppy executed parade rest. When I tickled him with spurs he would only give a horse laugh, so I smacked him with the soft side o' my bayonet scabbard until he'd show

signs o' catchin' up with the procession. There was unkind remarks from the sidelines, people advisin' me to trade my old skate for a camel, etc., and then when Opportunity would take a notion to spurt ahead, my tin derby would bounce on the old dome like a shower o' plates in a family argument.

But it was a great parade, and a great day for it. Thousands o' relatives and home folks o' the Curly-Wolfers had traveled to New York from near and far, and these would rush out into the street and hail their own particular heroes with a hug and kiss. Nobody from my home town o' Skagacker rushed out to hail me, and even if any one had, such as the sheriff or the chief of police, my horse might have bit 'em.

Right near where Fifth Avenue crosses Broadway there was a big welcome arch, put up in honor o' the Twenty-seventh Division, which came home earlier than the Curly-Wolfers, and which had been quite a little help to us in winnin' the war. Just after we had passed under the arch, and Opportunity had stopped to see if his shoe laces was untied, I heard the roar of a motorcycle. Whizz!—a motorcycle messenger shot past us, goin' from the rear to the front o' the parade. How I envied that gink aboard the gas pony, for there was a animal I *could* ride.

But my envy soon turned to pity for that poor goggled goof on the motorcycle. Two blocks further on we overtook him. He had a flat tire, and the puncture had caused him to tip over and smash the front wheel.

When us proud, prancin' horsemen hove into view, the motorcycle orderly rushes up to the colonel, salutes and asks him some kind of a favor. Then the colonel hollers for a mounted orderly, and the sergeant major, without takin' the trouble to look us over, picks on me!

"Orderly," says the colonel, "here is a very important message to Major General Sanderson. (Mentionin' our division commander.) This motorcycle messenger is unable to proceed with it; therefore you will carry the message to the head of the column and present it to the general with all possible haste!"

I grabbed the precious scrap o' paper, gave the Col. a left-handed salute, and plunged my spurs into my steed's overstuffed hips. With rare intelligence he swung around and faced to the rear. He was just about to trot off in the wrong direction when a piece o' flutterin' paper caught his attention. Maybe it was some stock in the Inter-Amalgamated Oil outfit. I couldn't blame a horse from shyin' off o' that. But now Opportunity wheeled around, glared straight ahead and shot off in the right direction like a bolt from the blues or a ash can from a minnenwerfer.

Speed! That wasn't the word for the run-out powder my horse had took. First thing we knocked the regimental staff right and left. Then we ploughed thro' the machine gun company o' the regiment ahead of us, knockin' mules and typewriter carts this way and those.

But say, Opportunity wasn't even started.

It was when we hit the solid ranks o' the doughboys that he found his wind, and then he tore through that

infantry like a racin' whippet tank. Helmeted heroes crumpled up in squads and platoons, and we cut a swath o' clatterin' rifles and helmets, dark brown profanity and weird howls.

"Whoa!" yells the army and the population o' New York. "Stop 'im! Head 'im off!"

But you might as well of tried to head off a Kansas hurricane or a California booster. There's a race track motto that every dog has his day. And this was Oppy's.

Finally, after puttin' a whole infantry brigade on the hummer, we struck a band and bugle corps which was playin' "Over There" for all it was worth. Opportunity knocked 'em over there, all right, in the gutter and up the lamp posts. In fact, I never seen such a mess o' strewed musicians, hashed hornware and busted tootly in my life. Oppy winds up by bathin' his feet in the bass drum. The effect was killin', you bet.

But this time I ain't takin' in much o' the scenery, havin' locked my arms around Oppy's neck, and altho' I made it a rule never to touch leather, the leather was touchin' me with painful familiarity.

Well, I won't go into gory details as to how we smeared the crack division o' the A. E. F. all over Fifth Avenue, New York. Would Opportunity never stop? No, I guess he didn't intend to set the brakes until he hit the open spaces west o' the Bronx, where men are men. But now my hold on his neck was gettin' weaker and my tremblin' lips was mumblin'.

"O Death, where is thy saddle sting?"

Now we got ourselves tangled up with another bunch o' mounted staff officers. They yelled out a lot o' well-meant but perfectly useless advice; also they consigned me and my horse to perdition altho' we was already on our way.

All at once a strong hand jerked the bit of Opportunity. It wasn't my hand, but the hand of a rider which knew how to ride and wasn't afraid of anything on four shoes. Somehow Opportunity felt the grip of a master hand, now jerkin' like mad right on the horse's dotted pyorrhea line.

Oppy slowed up. The danger seemed over. I looked up at my rescuer. He was stern, gray-headed and two stars gleamed on each o' his shoulders.

The general himself!

With a desperate effort I shoved the precious dispatch at the general. He seized it without losin' his hold on the runaway nag. I saluted the best I could, and then everything turned black, and I rolled off'n Opportunity like peas off'n a one-way knife.

\* \* \* \*

When I woke up I was sittin' upright in a bed which was raised high from the floor.

"Now smile, Mr. O'Dee—show 'em you're a hero," says a snappy young man in civies.

There was a terrible explosion, white smoke filled the room.

"Gas!" I yells, dousin' my head in the sheets.

"No, Mr. O'Dee, just a picture for the New York *Evenin' Outcry*," explains a pretty, white-capped nurse in the city hospital where I had found myself.

A few hours later, after they've dressed my leg and staked me to a

banquet o' ham and eggs, I am allowed to sit up and read the newspapers.

There on the front page, overshadowin' the League o' Nations and a mustache-growin' tournament betwixt Yale and Harvard, is my picture, and with it shrieks the following headlines and news article, the clippin' of which I still preserve:

#### TROOPER HERO RISKS LIFE GIVES GEN. SANDERSON SAILING ORDERS IN NICK OF TIME

At the risk of his life and paying the penalty of his devotion by a fractured leg, Private B. O'Dee delivered a message to Major General Sanderson of the Curly Wolf Division during its final review in New York yesterday. Prompt delivery of the message, through Private O'Dee's fearless horsemanship, enabled the general to withdraw from the parade and board the transport *Ellsworth* for Panama just as the gangplank was being drawn in.

The orders directing General Sanderson to proceed to Panama reached New York while the Curly Wolf Division parade was in movement. There was not a moment to be lost to reach the general in order that he might take the designated transport to the Isthmus. A motoreycle orderly tried, but failed through tire trouble. Then Private O'Dee became the man of the hour. Mounted on his dashing charger, a horse which he had trained himself for such missions of danger and duty, he tore up Fifth Avenue at record-breaking speed. Over-taking the general, Private O'Dee reined in his impatient steed with a superb exhibition of horsemanship, saluted, and delivered the vital message. Then an unfortunate slip on the pavement caused the gallant young veteran to be thrown from his saddle. He—

My eyes was glazed. I couldn't go on with the story. Besides, there was visitors. More hounds o' the press, and some buddies, includin' Bennie Berry.

"Buck, you're famous, your reputation's made," yells Bennie, grabbin' my hand. "Didn't I tell you Opportunity would knock?"

"I never seen a niftier knockout," I replies weakly.

"Say, Buck, that was some ride you made. Paul Revere's dash looks like a rockin' chair handicap in the old ladies' home."

"But what does that make me?" I croaks, feelin' a twinge in the bandaged stilt. "All I get is to be marked hospital, just when I'm about to be shook loose from the Army. I'll never wind up another war like this one."

"Hold your horses," Bennie insists. "You are now prominent in the public eye. In New York that means everything. It means your chance to get somewhere, to do something big. It's your Opportunity."

Bennie's gone before I can throw a crutch at him. Later on I find some consolation in a new litter o' ham and eggs; also a personal letter o' thanks from the Major General, brung personal to me by one o' his aide de scamps.

Next day Bennie blows in again, wearin' a wide smile and a bright red discharge chevron. Lucky guy, he's out! He brings me cigarets, copies o' magazines like the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Risky Romances*, and my mail. Bein' as I'm a invalid, Bennie takes it upon himself to jimmy open the letters.

First, there's a few accident insurance circulars. Pay only a dollar a week till you break your neck. Then a letter from my old boss in Skaggerack sayin' there's no jobs open and hopin' I am the same. But at last

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comes a letter which makes Bennie leap from his chair and do a wild dance.

"Wow!" he wows. "Buck, this is Opportunity! I knew your chance would come. Think of it. They offer you one hundred dollars a week, a two year contract and your name on the billboards!"

I sit bolted upright. Is it true? Has Opportunity come into port?

"What's the job they offer me, Bennie? Tell me, quick!"

I hold onto my breath and the blankets.

"Why," says Bennie, "they want to feature you as 'Buck O'Dee, the Dough-boy Rough Rider and Broncho Buster,' in Bosco Bill's Wild West Show!"

I hit the hay like I was prodded by a mule.

## The Try-Out State Sets the Pace for the Nation

(Continued from page 6)

erans' relief is in government hands, just so long must some less formal organization fill the gaps between the necessary government regulations—it is when the town understands this that there is no doubt about the town's attaining its quota and going well beyond it.

Because they understood the need for such relief, and perhaps because they themselves had experienced the need for it in times of stress, some of the communities which have been in the worst shape financially have made fine showings for the Endowment Fund. Among these are many of the coal mining towns in the western part of the State, where most of the miners have been out of work for eleven months, yet which got to work with a will and raised their shares.

Peyton H. Hoge, Jr., National Vice-Commander of the Legion and Legion Campaign Chairman in Louisville, happened into the Board of Trade building, where the elevator operator knew him for an active Legionnaire.

"Are you soliciting for the Endowment Fund?" the operator asked.

"I surely am," admitted Hoge.

"Well, I want to give five dollars," declared the elevator operator—and signed a card then and there. The elevator man, E. B. Lawrence, supports himself and his mother. He had grasped the spirit of the plan, and gave accordingly.

"This is the sort of thing which shows what the American Legion can mean to the nation," Judge Bingham points out. "No one can refuse to serve, no one can refuse to give, who listens to a lucid explanation of what the Endowment Fund is all about. No American would thus confess his lack of sympathy for the helpless little ones and for the men who have returned maimed and suffering to a living death that their country might live and stand for its ideals.

"It is impossible for me to believe that any part of our country will fail to take advantage of the opportunity to subscribe its share of the Endowment Fund to the full. This is our opportunity to take our part in doing something that has been left undone—something that should have been done before now.

"What's the matter, Buck?" There's pain in Bennie's voice. "You ain't goin' to pass up a lifetime Opportunity like that?"

"Bennie," I says, "I wouldn't work in a laundry unless they canned the clothes horses."

"But this is your Opportunity. You must stick to it."

"I'll stick to Opportunity, all right—when he comes out o' the glue factory."

"Come on, Buck. Wake up. Be alive!"

"Alive?" I says. "I'm thankful just to be alive."

"Ditto!" groans the bandaged guy in the next cot. Yes, it seems the boys from C Company had been alive to their Opportunity when they happened to run across Mr. Scrupeless! He was a mess!

"It has often been said that we have forgotten the promises to the men who went into the service in 1917 and 1918. We have not forgotten, and the way that this campaign has been received by the people of Kentucky proves that we have not forgotten. But when a movement of this unselfish sort appears to remind us, it strengthens our memories of what we owe to the men who fought.

"The need for the Endowment Fund is an obvious need. No matter how liberally the Government may act in its relief measures, its activities must inevitably be hedged about with restrictions which prevent prompt relief of emergency situations. And a bureau can never give the personal touch which is so often essential in these cases.

"Emergency relief and the personal touch must be supplied. The Legion is obviously the organization to supply them. That is why I am for this Endowment Fund, and why I am working for it."

And how Judge Bingham did work! There was the time, midway of the campaign week, when the money seemed to be coming in rather slowly. The workers were out making calls to the limit of their strength, but they could not get over the ground fast enough, it seemed, to keep the money flowing in at the rate required to make the Louisville quota of \$35,000 by Saturday night.

So a meeting was called, in the judge's office, of the members of the Citizens Committee—the big men of the city who had agreed to do what they might be called upon for to help the Legion in its solicitation. The meeting was held at four o'clock.

Parcelling out prospect cards to his local committeemen, and making personal calls and telephone canvasses, he himself was the means of bringing in several thousand dollars in a day.

Emmet O'Neal, member of the National Executive Committee of the Legion and of the Executive Committee in charge of the Endowment Fund campaign, suggested a move that proved to be the crowning stroke of the whole effort. Judge Bingham enthusiastically fell in with the idea, and a telegram was addressed in his name

to a dozen or more men and women of great wealth from Louisville, who were sojourning in Florida, California, or the national capital. These dozen telegrams, costing but a few dollars, brought a rich return. The harvest was around \$5,000.

One of the facts which the Kentucky campaign has shown in its proper importance is the need for the right sort of publicity. It is not hard to induce the newspapers to publish news about the Endowment Fund campaign—so long as it is really news, and not just propaganda. For while newspaper folks are pretty generally the first to come to the assistance of a cause rich in its human qualities, they realize that there is no use publishing dry-as-dust stuff that subscribers will not read.

Kentucky had the right kind of publicity—and plenty of it. Malcolm Bayley, of the *Courier-Journal*, shifted over from daily newspaper work to Endowment publicity, for the duration of the campaign. And not alone Louisville, but also newspapers over the State, used his stories in practically every edition.

For instance, when a telegraph messenger boy stopped Mrs. Clem D. Johnston, an active member of the Jefferson Post Auxiliary unit and one of the

campaign's best solicitors and gave her twenty-five cents for the Endowment Fund, Bayley got a picture of the transaction. He used it in the newspapers—and many a contribution in larger amounts followed because of the heart interest in that little story.

"The greatest danger in developing a campaign is the danger of standing too long on the bank shivering," says Frank D. Rash, Commander of the Department of Kentucky. "Once a State or a city or a village takes the actual plunge, the water turns out to be a good deal warmer than it looked from the bank."

The sum of money that each person is asked to give is not large. But the giver's satisfaction in his gift must be very large when he can be assured that his gift will remain perpetually in this \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund, constantly at work for the relief of the suffering disabled man and for the care of the orphaned child. The income from this fund—estimated at \$225,000 annually—is to be expended according to the approved methods of modern social work.

The cause is just and the need is great. The rest of the country can no more fail to do its part than did Kentucky, the advance sector of the drive.

## There'll Be Another Chance in Ninety-Nine Years

(Continued from page 11)

Eighteen hundred other pilgrims, busy drinking one hundred gallons of coffee and eating 2,500 doughnuts, paused to make all the noise they could for this tribute. The Legionnaires handed out more coffee and doughnuts on the trains before the Pittsfield excursionists departed. They also gave the visitors booklets describing New Milford, especially printed for the occasion.

When Ezra Woods Post thus maintained its town's two hundred year tradition of hospitality, everybody in New Milford shared in the effort. Mustering the large fleet of motor cars on a bitter cold morning was a feat in itself in a town of five thousand per-

sons. The town's board of trade did its part by helping raise the money for the incidental expenses. The Boy Scouts, as usual, did their share.

And Pittsfield testified wholeheartedly its appreciation. Those who had been entertained sent dozens of letters and telegrams to Lynn Deming, commander of Ezra Woods Post, and others who had led in the New Milford effort. They also sent a sizable contribution to Ezra Woods Post's welfare fund.

The next solar eclipse that will mean anything to the northeastern United States is scheduled for 2024. Get set, Legion!

### T A P S

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the *Weekly* of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

EDWARD J. BALLOD, *Alfred Stevenson Post*, Chester, Pa. D. Feb. 28. Served with 79th Div.

SAMUEL S. BOONE, *Clarence Golden Post*, Mt. Victory, O. D. Feb. 17. Served with F. A.

CHARLES H. BURNSHIRE, *Howard Gardner Post*, Tyrone, Pa. D. Jan. 17, at Gov't Hosp., Mont Alto, Pa., aged 30. Served with Co. C, 110th Inf., 28th Div.

CHARLES W. ECK, *Perkiomen Post*, East Greenville, Pa. D. March 7. Served with Co. L, 11th Inf., 5th Div.

CHARLES S. FORD, *William M. Batjer Post*, Rogers, Ark. D. Feb. 26, aged 34. Served with Co. A, 147th Inf.

ADRIAN J. HARRIS, *Hyde Park Post*, Chicago, Ill. D. Feb. 15. Served in U. S. N. R. F. at Gt. Lakes Naval T. S.

WILLIAM A. HOLLIS, *Paul O. E. Meyer Post*, Hartford City, Ind. D. Jan. 16. Lieut., M. C. Attending Surgeon's Office, Washington, D. C.

ENERY A. IRELAND, *Allen Jewett Post*, Fairfield, Ia. D. Feb. 28, aged 37. Served at Convalescent Center, Camp Pike, Ark.

FRANK B. KAULECK, *Roxbury (Mass.) Post*, D. Feb. 19. Served in Navy.

RAY KNICKERBOCKER, *Binghamton (N. Y.) Post*. D. Nov. 19, aged 32. Served in A. E. F.

SARGENT J. LANCASTER, *H. Colbert Post*, Kingston, Okla. Killed in train wreck, Nov. 25. Served with Co. F, 12th Eng.

LINDLEY C. LARRISON, *Alton (Ill.) Post*. Killed Feb. 2. Served in 84th Div.

JAMES O. LAWRENCE, *Rabe O. Wilkinson Post*, Fort Myers, Fla. D. Jan. 20. Served in U. S. N. R. F.

WILLIAM A. LAWRENCE, *Roy Kinard Post*, El Dorado, Ark. D. Feb. 25. Lieut., 153d M. G. Co., 39th Div.

LOYD LEDBETTER, *Benjamin O. Bartholomew Post*, Lapel, Ind. D. March 6, aged 27. Served in A. E. F.

THOMAS J. LOVERDE, *Daniel Goho Post*, Danville, N. Y. D. Feb. 16, aged 28. Served at Camp Lee, Va.

MICHAEL J. MAHER, *Harley Salzman Post*, Beach, N. D. D. Feb. 5. Lieut. in Army.

DENNIS MALLEY, *Frank West Post*, East Pepperell, Mass. D. Feb. 11. Served in Navy.

HENRY W. MARSTON, *Brookton (Mass.) Post*. Drowned Oct. 13. Served in Navy.

LOUIS MARZORATI, *West Hoboken (N. J.) Post*. D. Feb. 22, aged 28. Served in Navy.

CHARLES E. MCCLASKEY, *LaGrange County Post*, LaGrange, Ind. D. Jan. 20. Served with Bty. C, 3d Regt. F. A., Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.



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## PATENTS

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# Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

## Accounted For

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Click, as she opened the front door for her husband, "You're soaking wet! Why didn't you borrow some friend's umbrella?"

"You know very well," retorted Mr. Click, "that I left 'em all here."

## The Land of Opportunity

[Ad in the Spokane Daily Chronicle]

MUST BE very quick under the hat; must be real fond of work; must have many years of experience; hours 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Salary \$80 per month. Apply in person. Cavers Collection Agency.

## After Business Hours

There was a terrible ado in the Busy Bee restaurant.

"What's all the fuss here?" asked an incoming patron.

"Oh," replied the proprietor, "the fire eater from the circus was in here and he burned his mouth on the soup."

## The Dud Specialist (Advt.)

"Yes," said the budding humorist boastfully, "I write about half of that Legion page called 'Bursts and Duds.'"

"Is that so?" exclaimed the surprised friend. "And who did you say writes the Bursts?"

## Stuck

"Just my luck!" moaned young Dr. Slashem. "My first case of surgery. Putting a man's leg in a cast, and he turns out to be a plasterer, and does the work himself, and charges me seven dollars and fifty cents!"

## Good Reason

"Why does the evangelist always travel in a private car?"

"So no one will hear him swear when he tries to open a window."

## Entering Into Native Life

The old sea captain was slightly worried.

"Where are those missionaries I left here a year ago?" he demanded.

"Oh," replied the cannibal chief, with a reminiscent smile, "they've all gone to pot."

## No Cause for Alarm

"Oh, Mrs. Vernon!" exclaimed a caller. "Doesn't it make your heart ache to have your husband kill those little birds and rabbits?"

"Why, bless your soul," answered her hostess, rocking comfortably, "he isn't going to kill anything! He's going hunting!"

## No Necessity

"Brothah Johnson," said Parson White, "Ah'd lak to git yo' to come to chu'ch."

"Why, pahson," exclaimed Mr. Johnson, shocked, "dey ain' no need fo' me to come to chu'ch. Yo'-all done converted me las' Augus'."

## The Year's Worst Pun

"You say," asked a tourist in Switzerland, "that an English-

man named these mountains? That's curious. How did it happen?"

"Well, sir," replied the guide, "this Englishman fell over a cliff, and on his way down he yelled: 'Alp! Alp!' So that's what we named them."

## Crossing the Bar

"What's that violinist playing now?"

"'Song Without Words.'"

"Migosh! Have those darned puzzles ever gotten into our music?"

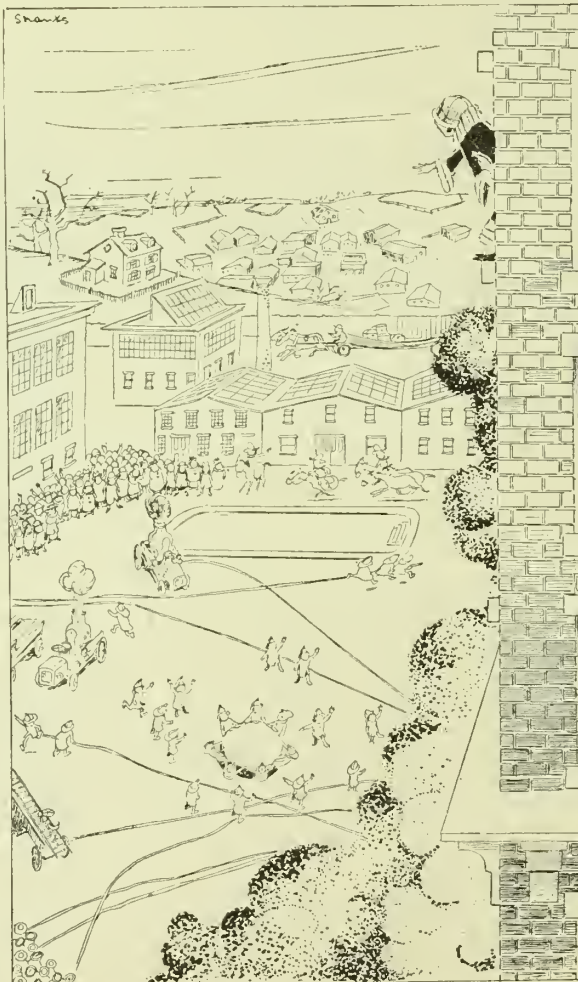
## Epitaph

A man, going sixty-five per,  
Didn't know what a drawbridge was fer.  
As the bridge was ajar,  
He plunged with his car—  
Too quick on the draw, as it were.  
—J. C.

## Skepticism

The village philosopher sat in front of the general store and thoughtfully watched the arrival of the congregation at the church opposite.

"Didja ever notice," he asked his companions, "that when the church people meet to pray for rain there ain't nary an umbrella in the crowd?"



## Unquestionably

"Do you really and truly think that I am your soul mate?" simpered Mrs. Solomon, Series XY, Number 84.

"Why, my dear," replied the Great Lover as he pinched her cheek playfully, "you are beyond a doubt one woman in a thousand."

## A Modern Village

"Is Punkville much of a place?" inquired a passing tourist.

"Naw," replied the native of Nearville. "Nothin' there but a garage an' a beauty shoppe."

## A Fresh Start

"Let's forgive and forget, dear," cajoled the young bride after a tiff. "I was all to blame for our trouble."

"Yes, so you were," agreed her husband. And there was no reconciliation that day, either.

## No Encores

"Was the play successful?" asked Dramatic Critic No. 1, who hadn't bothered to go.

"Successful!" snorted No. 2, who had attended. "Why, when the curtain fell, there was a tremendous cry of 'Author! Author!' But," he concluded sadly, "he escaped."

## The Authority Speaks

They were discussing radio, when the host interrupted to say:

"My wife is rather hard of hearing. If you will raise your voice a trifle, she will be interested in our subject."

"I was just saying," continued the guest, somewhat louder, "that the wide variety of wave lengths is most annoying."

"It certainly is," agreed the lady. "I was deathly sick all the way back from Europe."

## Hazardous Shopping

A certain celebrated Arctic explorer had met an Eskimo native, who wore an expression of extreme worryment. (Even Eskimos get worried occasionally.)

The explorer demanded the reason.

"My wife asked me to match a piece of goods for her," was the answer.

"And is that so much of a job?"

"It's liable to be. She wants me to match that Polar bear-skin gown she wears."

## You Know Him

"What sort of a fellow is Daventry?"

"He's one of those fellows who always let you pay the dinner check and then tell you how much money they saved last year."

## The Great Event

"Thar she blows!"

For a brief instant there was deep suspense; then others took up the cry: "Thar she blows!" All was excitement.

The reader will think that the next move was to order the boats lowered. But this is no whaling story.

The little crowd of enthusiasts had merely been waiting a hundred years or so for the century plant to bloom. And it did.

## Important Item

"Well," said a fond mother to her son, who was starting on a tour around the world, "don't forget to change trains at Milwaukee."

Firemen: "Jump into the net! Jump into the net!"

Movie Stunt Actress: "Lissen! I don't move a step until I get a contract."



# YOU ARE ONE OF THEM

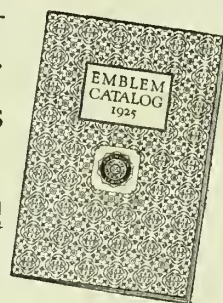
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Regardless of the size of your purse, you cannot afford to miss this opportunity. There is no reason why you need hesitate to send for particulars and enroll for our course, because the payments are so small that they really amount to a few cents per day. Every student who enrolls at once will also secure a handsome, full tone professional size tenor banjo free with the course when they enroll. You will be surprised how much we give you for a very little money.

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